The Evening World.

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DO WE HAVE TO BE EXPLAINED?

THERE is reason to believe that Dr. Gerhard, special agent despatched by the German Ambassador to Berlin, is better informed than some of his countrymen as to the actual state of mind of the American people.

That he has been a close friend and associate of Dernburg is no recommendation. But it may at least have given him extra facilities for observing why the Dernburg propaganda failed so utterly.

We are ready to grant that the German Ambassador's means of communication with Berlin leave much to be desired. His reasons for sending an envoy may seem to him excellent.

But—the President's note should reach Berlin some days ahead of Dr. Gerhard. We see no reason why Germany's answer should be delayed until after his arrival.

To reply to a direct question involving only principles of humanity and international justice surely requires no labored demonstration of our right to ask it. Neither our standing among nations nor our earlier relations with Germany have been such that our national good faith need be scrutinized and re-scrutinized.

Evasion carried too far becomes indifference and temporization an insult.

NO TIME TO JUMP RATES.

WE HOPE complaints from London of excessive passenger rates charged by the American Steamship Line do not indicate a plan on the part of the company to profit by the war and the fears of ocean travellers.

Few persons are crossing the Atlantic this season. Even with greatly reduced steamship facilities, demand for berths and staterooms cannot press heavily on supply. The American Line enjoys just now a special privilege. It offers, with one or two other lines, the greatest degree of security that transatlantic passengers can find. It would ill become this line to take advantage of its position to demand exorbitant passage fees either from United States citizens or from citizens of other countries.

A considerable part of the German press is only too anxious to persuade Germans that the one desire of Americans is to make money out of the war. "The North American wants to do business."

An American steamship line that deliberately advances its rate schedules because of present conditions lays itself open to the charge of capitalizing the flag. It exposes this country to undeserved criticism abroad.

A FINE PROGRAMME.

STATEN ISLAND has a large-sized grievance. When its taxes were boosted $250,000 in 1911 to help pay for city subways Richmond understood that if it didn't get a subway it was to have a five-cent ferry transfer from St. George to almost any point in Manhattan.

It never got the subway and now Dock Commissioner Smith wants the Board of Estimate to squirm out of the five-cent transfer agreement with the New York Railways Company. The city has lost $55,000 in the last eight months, he claims, by this transfer contract.

Also the Dock Commissioner thinks too many people use the Staten Island ferry boats merely to get fresh air.

A fine programme of economy laid out for this city: Stint the schools, cut out public baths, discourage fresh air excursions and side-step a debt to the Staten Islanders. That's the way to build $25,000,000 court houses without feeling it. Father Knickerbocker is proud of his stewards.

RIGHT SIDE UP.

A prized ornament on the walls of the New York Chamber of Commerce has been an inscribed panel presented by Li Hung Chang. At a luncheon given by the Chamber to the Chinese Commerce Commissioners this week one of the distinguished visitors from the East was asked to translate the Chinese inscription. With polite reluctance he explained that the panel was hung upside down. Reversed it reads: All the world are brethren. Li Hung Chang.

Happy symbol! Our trade relations with China have been hitherto diffident, tentative. We have valued her custom without knowing how to take it or make the most of it. Thanks to our wide-awake Chinese guests, our notions of China are now right side up. Chinese and Americans find themselves shaking hands over an ideal of peaceful give and take propounded by shrewd old Li Hung Chang. Could omen be more propitious?

Hits From Sharp Wits

An ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure, and it will also save a peck of trouble.—Columbia State.

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The square man rarely receives a round of applause.

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A notary public acknowledges more good deeds than he does.—Deseret News.

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Neutrality is a handy excuse for escaping many unpleasant arguments.—Milwaukee Sentinel.

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There is nothing sadder in life than a run-over French heel shoe unless it be the woman who wears it.

We are all and always most careful of a new hat or a new pair of shoes, but after the first week of wear we grow strangely careless.—Pittsburgh Sun.

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One of the most dangerous things with which people have to contend is mawkish sentimentality, under the influence of which many silly things are done.—Pittsburgh Sun.

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A man who has his price usually has a cheap one.

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The man who thinks he fools everybody generally fools only himself.—Norfolk Ledger-Dispatch.

Letters From the People

A Letter from the Trenches.

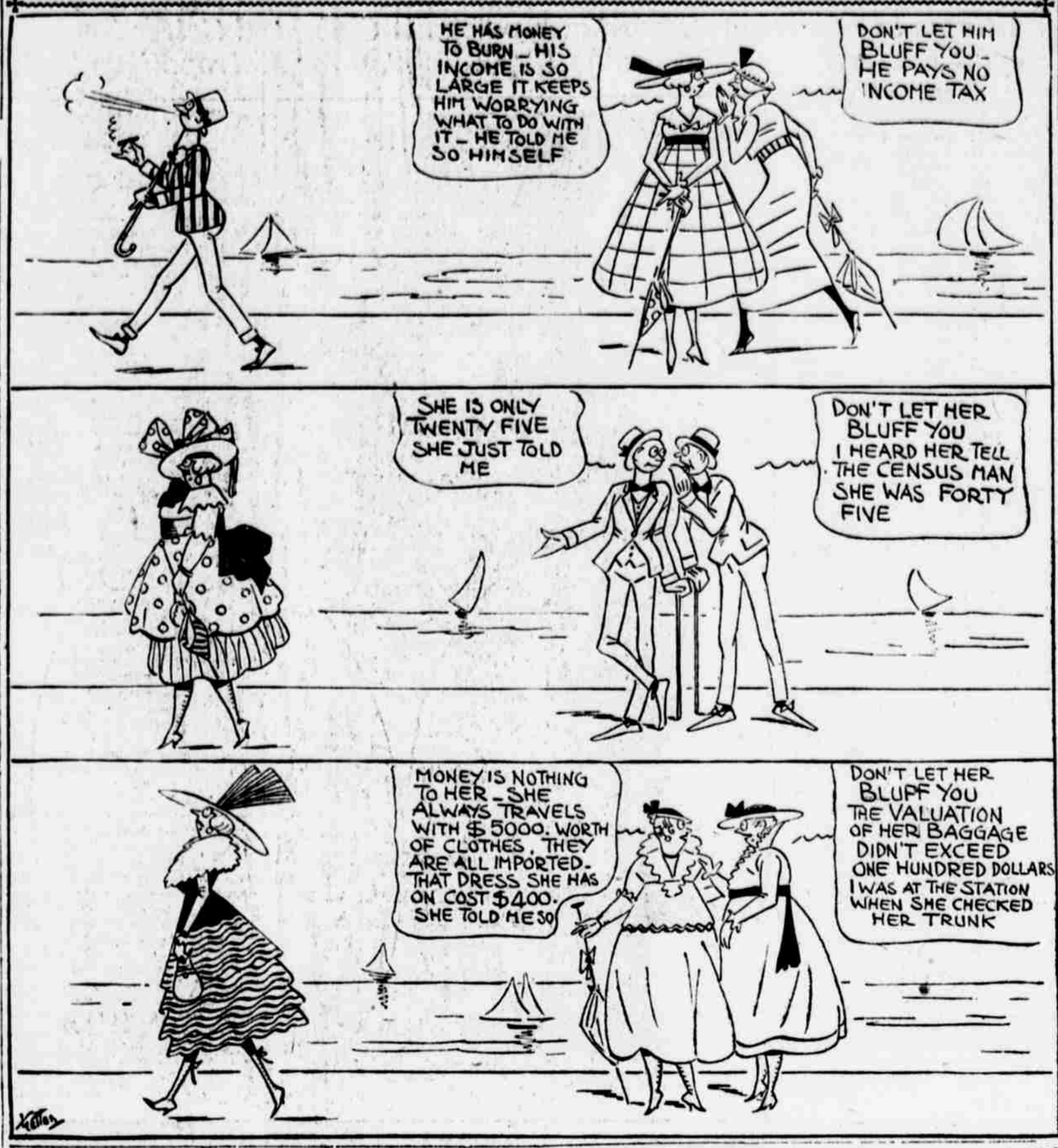
To the Editor of The Evening World:

I have just received a letter from a relative in Paris. He encloses to me another letter from another relative in the trenches in northern France. I am going to translate a few lines from the "letter from the trenches," thinking it may interest your readers. It says: "The men in the trenches are on duty for six hours at a time, and if caught sitting down are court-martialled. Wealthy pampered fellows from the Boulevards and dere-

licts from the Paris slums alike are proving to be splendid soldiers. The Germans are simply wonderful fighters and will be hard to beat. When the officers are absent the men of the opposing armies who happen to be posted near each other talk back and forth very amiably, and in the evenings throw one another the newspapers, stuck in bottles. It is curious to see (at the hospitals) Frenchmen who are badly wounded, and who have been fighting for months, and yet who say that they have never even seen a German." J. E. F.

Farewell to Bluff!

By Maurice Ketten



The Jarr Family

—By Roy L. McCardell—

"HOW are you feeling this morning, my dear?" asked Mr. Jarr as he helped himself to a hot biscuit.

"Oh, much you care!" replied Mrs. Jarr, coldly.

"Oh, you mustn't say that!" remarked Mr. Jarr gravely. "You don't mean it."

"I do mean it!" replied Mrs. Jarr. "It's just as Mrs. Rangle says—a good wife isn't appreciated. A man can do anything he likes; he can stay out till all hours, drinking and wasting his money, and yet he says, 'Let bygones be bygones!' Mrs. Rangle isn't going to stand it much longer. And I don't blame her. As I said to her when she told me that she felt like having that man Rangle arrested—only she doesn't know what to arrest him for, and of course all the policemen and judges are men and are just as bad or worse and stand up for the wretch—as I said to her, when she told me she generally tied him in bed when he drank, especially if it was Saturday night, and beat him good with a window-shade roller, and won't let him have a drink of water, although he cries piteously, I said to her, 'Well, Mrs. Rangle, you have the patience of a saint and I wouldn't stand what you do without complaining.'"

"But she does complain," said Mr. Jarr, getting a chance to break in on his good lady's monologue, "she complains to you, she wants to complain to the police, she complains to Rangle with a window-shade roller"—

"And YOU better look out."

"Wouldst beat up thy loving mate with a window-shade roller?" asked Mr. Jarr with a grin. "Is this keeping the vows to love and cherish? A window-shade roller to cure a high roller? Whew!"

"There! I've gone and told you, although it was in confidence!" said Mrs. Jarr. "Poor Mrs. Rangle was so upset she had to tell some one her troubles. I vowed I wouldn't say a word about it, and now I suppose you'll throw it up to your friend when you fall out with him, and Mrs. Rangle will blame me, because, strange to say, she loves the wretch!"

"She loves him, but beats him, sh?" asked Mr. Jarr. "No, his guilty secret is safe with me. But suppose it does get out and she's arrested for husband beating?"

"It won't get out unless you tell it," said Mrs. Jarr. "I suppose you'll be twitting him with it."

"As a twitter I do not aspire," replied Mr. Jarr. "Besides, I don't think I shall ever fall out with him and sting him with the intimation that I know ALL," and Mr. Jarr grinned.

"Of course you won't fall out with him. He's the kind of a man you like. Cruel to his wife. Not that I care, but I hope you don't tell anybody."

"I won't, you may be sure," said Mr. Jarr, "but didn't you tell Gertrude? And you were speaking to Mrs. Kittingly on the subject of recent spouses. Didn't you tell her?"

"But they promised they'd say nothing," replied Mrs. Jarr.

"Oh, it's all right, then," said Mr. Jarr. "They won't tell a soul except all their intimate friends."

"Let that man Rangle behave himself then!" said Mrs. Jarr. "Why did Mrs. Rangle tell me about it as a secret if she didn't want anybody to know? What time will you be home this evening?"

"Oh, I'll be home early," said Mr. Jarr, rising to get his coat and hat. "I'll be right home from the office," he added.

For his eye was on the window shades and it looked to him as if one of the rollers was missing.

The Week's Wash

—By Martin Green—

"WHAT'S all this talk I hear about a Public Defender?" asked the Head Polisher.

"It is a philanthropic excuse for the creation of new offices at public expense," said the Laundry Man. "For many years it has been assumed that the public was doing its duty toward criminals by prosecuting them through the machinery of the law. Now it has been discovered by enlightened reformers that it is the duty of the public to defend criminals, too.

"The natural outcome will be that we shall gradually cease to prosecute criminals and finally do nothing but defend them. Nowadays people with nothing to do but think, and with nothing to think about but the downtrod, are busily engaged in telling us that the criminal is more to be pitied than censured, and that instead of being punished he should be treated kindly, because criminality is not so much an offense against society as a disease.

"They send a man who enters your house in the dead of night with a revolver in his hand and a design to shoot you in his heart, to a moving picture show and baseball park and political primary. The poor devil who starves and keeps honest sleeps in doorways or on park benches and the professional criminal gets a room and bath.

"It is proposed to set up a Public Defender who shall be paid by the taxpayers and whose duty it shall be to defend criminals without means and to look after the interests of poor people whose property is threatened by proceedings in law. The Public Defender will, of course, have authority to appoint deputies, and if such an office is established it will soon be as large and expensive as the District Attorney's Office.

"Naturally, when the Public Defender stands ready to defend all and sundry at public expense, very few offenders against the law are going to employ lawyers. Out of every 100 offenders arraigned 99 will be paupers for purposes of defense.

"By the system of assigning lawyers the courts now take care of persons accused of crime who have no means. We will freely admit that many of these are worse off with counsel assigned to them than they would be with no counsel at all, but the same condition applies numerously in cases where counsel is regularly employed and paid. The need for a public officer to defend offenders does not exist, and private charitable organizations are able to look after poor litigants in other than the criminal courts."

$500 Per Cabaret.

"MAGISTRATE KROTEL'S decision that a cabaret performance requires a $500 theatrical license must be a hard blow to the restaurant men," said the Head Polisher.

"Not to most of them," replied the Laundry Man. "It was getting to a stage where patrons of restaurants were expecting a three-ring circus, a ballet, grand opera, burlesque, and band concert and moving pictures, for the price of a small steak. Of course, the price of the small steak was away up in the ceiling, but the patrons of the restaurants have to pay for the entertainment or alleged entertainment they get with their food.

"Wise restaurant men were beginning to see the finish. Prices are so high now in the first class places that thousands of patrons are driven away daily. Maybe some genius will arouse the city by giving us an old-time restaurant again—a restaurant designed solely for feeding purposes."

Turn Him Loose!

"I SEE," said the Head Polisher, "that when the erstwhile gabby Dr. Dernburg goes abroad he will conduct a campaign to arouse sentiment for Germany in the Scandinavian countries."

"No wonder," said the Laundry Man, "the allies are guaranteeing him safe passage to his new field of endeavor."

The Girl Graduate

A Problem for Many Mothers

By Sophie Irene Loeb

"WHAT shall I do with my girl graduate?" writes a mother.

And many a mother will needs answer the query, this being the graduating month of the year. The woman who asks the question says that her daughter is about to graduate and has not actually made up her mind what to do. The family is one of modest means. The young woman could stay home and be of service to the family, "although," argues the mother, "what is the use of all her learning if she is now to do housework with me? On the other hand she is young and I feel misgivings about sending her out to some position."

So what to do—that is the question.

In the first place, dear mother, in this commercial world of to-day every girl should have some occupation by which she can earn money. Therefore, even if she stays at home and helps with the housework, this most important item must be looked forward to; and while she is at home there are many hours she can spend in the study of something that will make her economically independent, should there ever be need.

In the home of moderate income, where the graduation of the girl is looked forward to as the beginning of the time when she may help finance the family, the big thing to consider is "preparedness" for her work. Too often girls start out in business life practically unskilled for the actual work before them. They must of necessity work for very low wages in order to gain the necessary experience. It takes years, sometimes, for them to get to the paying position that they hope for.

Therefore, wherever it is possible, after the girl leaves the public school or the high school, if the money she might earn is not absolutely needed, this process of PREPARING FOR DISTINCT WORK—specializing—is essential.

This is an age of the specialist, and competition is keen. To know your work well is truly an assurance of employment, once opportunity is presented. The important thing, however, is to "plan your work and then work your plan." To choose the right thing, the thing one is FITTED for, the thing one LIKES to do, is ninety-nine per cent. of future success.

To the girl who must needs go out to work immediately, the first great consideration is the effort to find that work which, even though at low pay, promises ADVANCEMENT. Taking a job for the "time being" and then going from one thing to another is the thing that keeps her forever in the same stratum of endeavor, and she does not get far.

Also of great moment to the mother is to know something about where her girl works, her environment, her companions, so that she will avoid the pitfalls that the young immature girl graduate is apt to be confronted with in the world of work.

Above all, every girl should realize that in order to keep a job she must be "on the job."

What Every Woman Thinks

By Helen Rowland

As to the Domestic Atmosphere That Rules the World.

"WHAT has the world been doing to you?" inquired the Widow sympathetically, as the Bachelor sank wearily into the plazza chair and breathed a long-drawn sigh of relief.

"Everything—and nothing!" answered the Bachelor bitterly, as she held a match to his cigarette and thoughtfully drew the awning so as to shade his eyes from the sun. "Ever notice how some days everything goes wrong, while other days are one long, sweet song, with every note in tune? Well, this was one of those days when fate, the devil and the whole human system seemed to be plotting against me. My stenographer had the hysterics, I had to throw my office boy out bodily and to cap the climax I fired my chief clerk for carelessness. As you say in sweet feminese, 'I'm all frazzled out!'"

"Poor boy!" murmured the Widow, soothingly, as she tucked a cushion behind his head and handed him a glass of iced claret-cup, "how did it all begin?"

"Begin?" repeated the Bachelor. "It began at 8 A. M., when that idiot of a man of mine brought me cold water to shave in and served me two cobblestones under the title of 'soft boiled eggs.' And it kept right up, until I was almost arrested for speeding on the way here and"——

The Dire Tragedy of a Hard-Boiled Egg.

"AH!" exclaimed the Widow softly, "I see it all!"

"No, you don't!" protested the Bachelor, revelling in his misery, "you haven't heard half of it yet"——

"'The World Gone Wrong, or All for a Hard-Boiled Egg.' Wouldn't that make a good title for a novel?" bubbled the Widow with a rippling laugh.

"What do you mean?" inquired the Bachelor, suspiciously.

"Oh, nothing," said the Widow, sweetly, "except that it's the domestic atmosphere that rules the world. Of course, you're only a bachelor and haven't what might really be called a 'domestic atmosphere.' But if one hard-boiled egg and a mug of cold shaving water can cause such a riot in your office and such an upheaval in your business affairs, just think what an effect a married man's domestic conditions must have on the price of stocks and international trade! Whenever I hear of a panic in Wall Street I always wonder whose wife it was that asked for a new string of pearls that morning or threw the coffee urn at her husband's head or whose cook gave warning or whose baby had the colic the night before. When I hear of a big business man dismissing his whole office force or turning his whole sales system upside down I wonder what he had for breakfast and who fixed his bath water. When I hear of a clergyman preaching a belligerent sermon I just know that his wife allowed him to eat too many hot muffins or gave him a second helping of pancakes that morning."

"How do you make all these fine deductions?" queried the Bachelor, trying to look scornful in spite of the mellowing influence of the Widow's beauty and his claret-cup.

"Oh, it's easy," replied the Widow, airily. "Why, I even know a popular author who changes his whole system of philosophy three times a week, according to the 'domestic atmosphere.' On Monday he will write an essay which proves conclusively that all women are fools and shouldn't have the ballot; on Wednesday he will write another, proving just as conclusively that all men are brutes and oppressors, and by Friday he will be so uplifted that he will deny both theories and assert beyond a doubt that both men and women are noble, much maligned, highly developed beings and that the human race is improving every day. And I know just how it happens, because that's the way I'm affected myself."

"YOU?" exclaimed the Bachelor in astonishment; "why, you're a woman."

"I'm Human, Even If I'm a Woman."

"WELL, I'm human, even if I am a woman," retorted the Widow, "and when my maid has pulled my hair in the brushing and spilled chocolate on my gown and forgotten to mend my gloves, I am convinced that all women are fools; and when my butler has broken my best piece of cut glass and dropped the salad dressing, I am equally convinced that all men are idiots. But when the household machinery has run on oiled wheels for a whole day and I've had my nap and YOU are on time and have brought me the right shade of roses, I just KNOW that the world is all right and that human nature is a beautiful thing. I tell you, the whole world is governed by the domestic atmosphere and the greatest blessing or the greatest tragedy that ever happens in these days may be traced straight back to a cup of coffee or a hard-boiled egg!"

"Or a nice, cold claret punch!" added the Bachelor, significantly.

"Oh!" cried the Widow, delightedly, "let me give you another glass. Do you really like it? And let me fluff up that pillow under your head. There! Isn't that nice and cool and comfy?"

"Perfectly divine!" declared the Bachelor, leaning back with a sigh of comfortable relaxation. "I fancy I'll send for that chief clerk of mine to come back to-morrow morning. He was always a very steady, reliable fellow—until to-day."

"Yes," said the Widow, soothingly, "and take the stenographer a box of bon-bons and give the office boy a raise and—be AWFULLY careful what you eat for breakfast!"

My Wife's Husband

By Dale Drummond

CHAPTER LI.

I HAD about an hour after Jane and Dorothy left before I was needed at the hospital, and Miss Reese asked me if I would like to take my first lesson.

"That's a good idea," I replied, and going to the library I pushed the talking machine into the office, which was much larger and had less furniture to move out of the way to make room to dance.

It was no part of my plan to let Jane know I was learning until I could dance as well as Lucius Hemming. I thought she would be delighted and anticipated a great deal of pleasure in surprising her.

One day going home from my calls I happened on the lake drive. Looking ahead I saw Jane and Lucius Hemming strolling slowly along. I called to them and Jane immediately said:

"Will you take me home, George? I'm very tired."

"Why, of course! I am finished with my calls," making it appear—as I invariably did—that had I not been I would have refused her request.

"You'll excuse me, Mr. Hemming," she said gayly to her escort. "It's not often I ride with the doctor."

"I've noticed that!" and he laughed, I thought disagreeably.

I was furious, and without another word whirled away, leaving him standing on the curb.

"Be careful, George, you nearly hit that man!" Jane exclaimed, as I tore recklessly down the drive.

"I'll hit somebody!" I muttered, but when Jane asked me what I had said I simply assured her the man had been in no danger. "I suppose had I not happened along you and Hemming would still be walking together!" I grumbled as we reached the house.

"Probably," she returned; "I can't fly and only one of our family is always able to ride."

"It's your own fault, Jane. You could ride as often as you wanted to."

"Not without discommoding others," she replied.

So it went. While we seldom quarrelled, there was a constant friction in our lives, of which we were both conscious—a friction that was increasing slowly but surely. Dorothy, too, had left us, so removing the restraint caused by her presence.

The wedding passed off beautifully, so Jane said. I was delighted to have Dorothy and Grant marry. It seemed to me an ideal match, although when I enthused over it to Jane all she said was:

"I certainly hope you are right, but everything connected with marriage is so uncertain."

Miss Reese had been as good as her word and had taught me to dance, but in so doing I had widened the breach betweeen Jane and myself. One night, when Jane was at the theatre, I found that I would have an extra hour to myself, and happened to mention it to Miss Reese.

"Would you like me to remain and give you a lesson, doctor?" she asked. "Although you really do not need it."

"Yes, indeed, if you would," I replied. "Mrs. Butterworth has accepted invitations to a dinner dance at the end of the week and I should like to surprise her."

Accordingly, as soon as I returned, we became very much engrossed in the dancing. I was not quite sure of myself in the fox-trot, and as Jane was particularly fond of this dance I worked hard trying to perfect myself.

I had promised to call at the theatre for her, and it was time to go before I realized it. I insisted upon taking Miss Reese to her home, and, in my hurry, forgot to restore the talking machine to its usual place.

Upon our arrival at the house Jane went immediately to the library.

"Why, where's the machine?" she asked, after looking around. "I thought the room looked strange when I first came in, but I couldn't think what was the matter."

"It's in the office," I answered, annoyed that I had been so careless, and disappointed that Jane should find out I had been learning to dance, and so spoil the surprise I had planned.

"What in the world have you been doing with it in the office—playing to some of your patients?" laughingly. "It seems to me you would have been more comfortable in the library."

"Perhaps," I evaded, "but I preferred the office."

(To Be Continued.)